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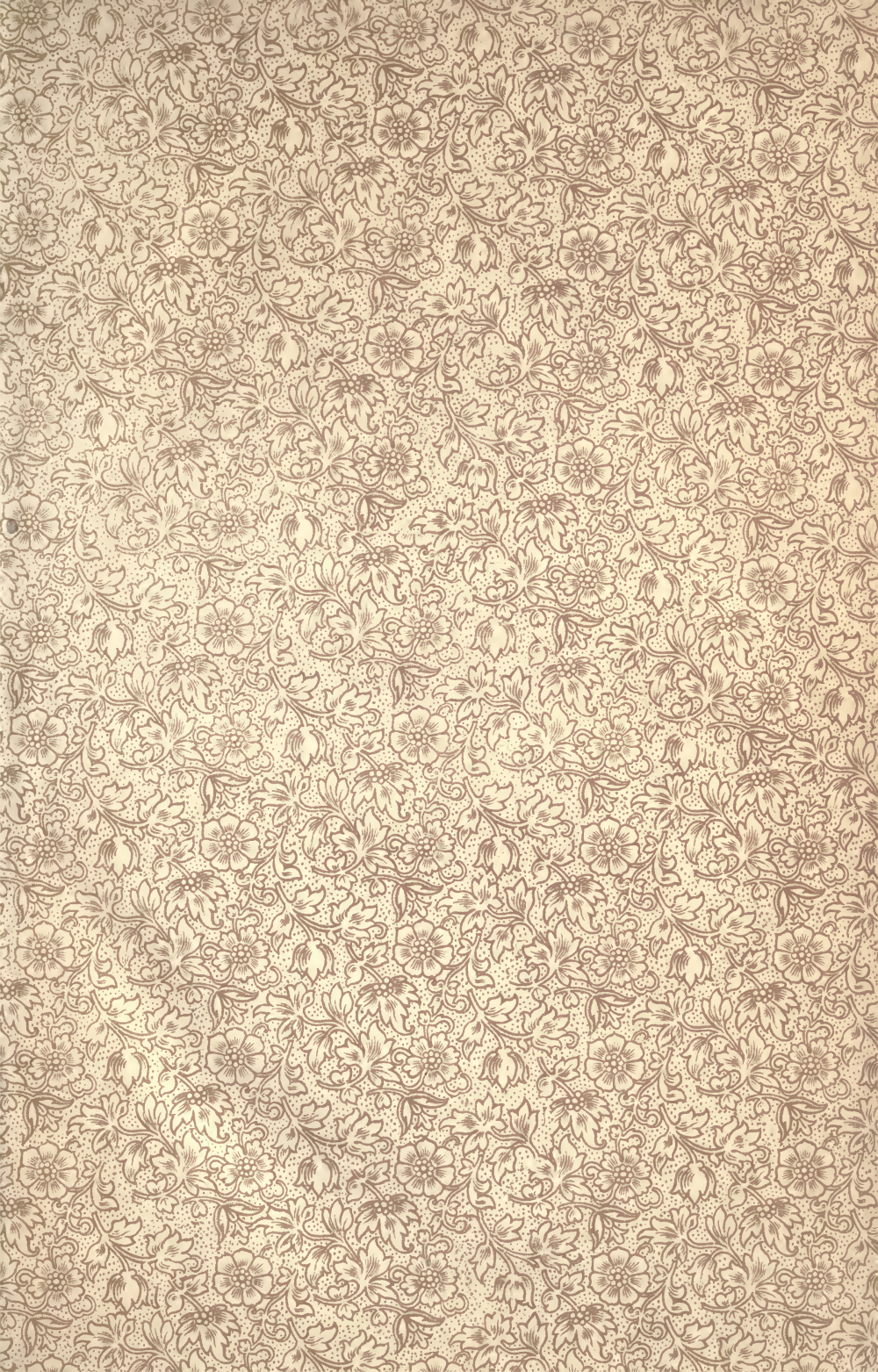
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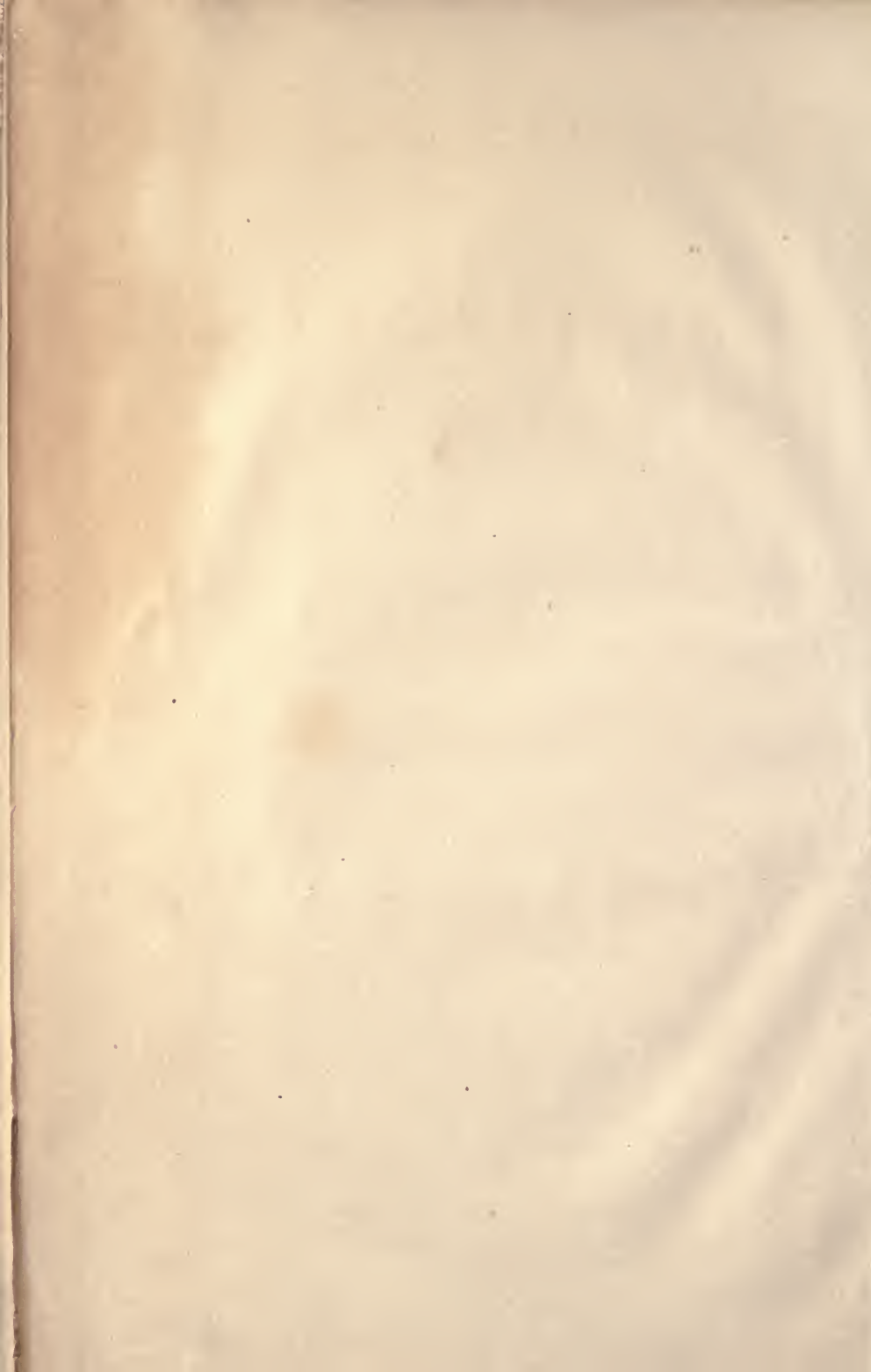
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CALIFORNIA,

A POEM.

BY AUGUSTUS HOGG.

The most gorgeous gem that's in Nature's diadem,
The country of devoted women, courageous men ;
Columbia's youngest child, the darling of the brood,
And mistress of the mountain, plain, and western flood.



SAN FRANCISCO :

PRINTED BY M. WOLFE, 133 CLAY STREET.

1857.



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13525

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but the protection it affords against crime; for it is well known no great criminal has had the faculty large, and

No poets e'er sung in praise of crimes or chains,
Nor shall while in them a spark of Heaven remains;
Their mission to man is to exalt and humanize,
Lift him from the low earth to the lofty skies.

It is a sentiment which parents should implant and train in the minds of their children, to observe and admire everything in nature, for there all is divine and perfect. Man alone has degenerated since the Creation, and the future of California depends greatly on the influences which surround the young, and their welfare, already too much neglected, is a subject for serious reflection to every lover of his kind.

I might have softened some expressions and made others less harsh, but believing as I do that

We must probe the wound, the pain endure,
Ere the fest'ring sore can heal or cure;

It is better to apply the proper remedies than suffer the disease. Whatever is uttered is said without passion or prejudice; belonging to no sect or party I have observed passing events with the eye of a philosopher, rather than the partial view of the politician.

Whether the Poem has any literary merit or not must be decided by the public and the critics, and I will leave it in their hands on relating a little story of some countrymen who were advised into plans by sharpers, requiring the outlay of funds. Sorely tempted by the specious but half-divulged schemes of the latter, which they were afraid to reject and dare not accept, they applied to a wit for advice who after receiving their tale replied: "Hear all the rascals have got to say, but hold fast your money;" and my advice to the public in this case is—

Read all the critics about it write,
Don't give up your own opinions quite;
And adieu, farewell, good-bye, good night,
Sweet thoughts and dreams on all alight.

San Francisco, Nov. 17th, 1857.

CALIFORNIA,

A POEM.

GALEATA

1801



CALIFORNIA.

PART I.

THE new and wondrous nation of magic birth,
The centre and the Eden of the earth,
The land of matchless bays, majestic peaks,
Through which th' Omnipotent sublimely speaks
Of strength and goodness, wisdom, power divine,
Possess'd forever to last eternity and time.
Along thy shores the Pacific's waters lave,
In peaceful triumph and with gentle wave.
Italian skies above, the brightest blue,
Adorn'd with clouds of most brilliant hue.
The grandest vallies stretch beyond the sight,
And fill the mind with wonder and delight.
Broad rivers roll from the mountains' side,
Sweep through plains, then mingle with the tide;
In a capacious bay on whose stately breast
The commerce of a world might safely rest.
Trees of gigantic growth of darkest green
Are on the distant snow-clad summits seen.
Dazzlingly sublime is the perpetual snow
In brightness when on it the sun doth glow.
Wildly beautiful are the gorges and ravines,
Strewn with many rocks in these stupendous scenes.
Far from the Sierra's peaks the hills appear,
On which great nature's mighty fabrics rear.

Between are vales where wildest flowers rise
Earth's sweetest offering to the placid skies.
Torrents and waterfalls adorn the varied scene,
Now smooth and rough, soft, savage, and serene.
Unrival'd clime, of lovely nights and days,
Thy sun, moon and stars, well the sight repays.
The balmy air to all rich blessings yield,
Of health to man, and creatures of the field.
The fertile soil gives forth large supplies
Of grains and fruits of each shape and size.
Wild fowls in myriads swarm of every kind,
Fish, in the streams, a liquid home they find.
Animals, such as the bear, wolf, and deer,
Roam in the forest and plains without fear.
The natives of the land are the Indian race,
With low receding forehead, unmeaning face.
They spear salmon and hunt the deer for food,
Gather acorns and insects in the silent wood :
Missionaries came, taught them how to pray,
To reverence the cross, God to love, obey.
Such were the scenes, before the tale was told
That its remote shores was a place of gold.
At first the startling news, small credence gains,
The reporters scarcely thank'd for their pains,
But more truthful does the *report* become,
Spread by the Press to every ear and tongue ;
Most still doubt, but some believe, and these
Sell lands and goods, rush to unknown seas,
In barks scarce fitted to meet a single gale,
But dauntless the goldhunter, and knew no fail.
Many to reach it start teams o'er deserts wild,
Travel the vast continent with wife and child ;
The rest, journey the Isthmus' deadly clime,
To get there easiest, in the shortest time ;
Some suffered ev'ry hardship ere they found
Themselves set on California's golden ground ;

Others, who left their native shores and skies,
In hope of future fortune, on the way dies.
Arrived on the long wished, sought for shore,
They quit the ship that have so far them bore,
With regret to part from their floating home,
In which they might further o'er the world roam.
But such thoughts don't long distract the mind,
To land they turn, a new home there to find ;
What sights doth attract their ardent gaze
In the Eldorado please or amaze !
'Tis summer, and the hills are bleak and bare,
Clouds of sand and dust are borne in the air,
By wind that comes rushing through the strait,
Which forms the port called the Golden Gate,
The streets were as nature made, sand and clay,
Some wound o'er hills and others round the bay.
A few houses built before the mighty change,
Were all that graced them, and singly range,
Fluttering along the shore in evening gale,
Were long rows of tents white as a boat's sail ,
This was once the place whose future is to be
The Queen of Commerce and the western sea.
From her fam'd port a thousand ships shall sail,
And on the vast Pacific catch the rising gale.
People from all nations come, the English, Dutch,
Americans most, French, Spanish, and all such
As scour rough seas in search of hidden treasure,
Which to gain endure hardship without measure.
A new era dawns upon the land of the west,
Gold is found—the soil knows no more rest ;
Towns and cities spring up almost in a day,
Some grow and flourish, others droop, decay.
Then rose Benicia, who in pride did aspire,
To be the chief port, and the modern Tyre,
But San Francisco her rival had the start,
And would not from her proud destiny depart.

Sacramento and Stockton, were built on the plain,
Fires have destroyed them, but were rebuilt again.
Civilized man spread along the desert shore,
Where none but the wolf and Indian trod before.
Steamers soon took the place of sail and oar,
And swiftly the goldseekers onward bore,
To the mines where gold was to be found
Sometimes in shallow, others deeper ground :
Hard must they work before it greet their eyes,
On flinty soil, and under cloudless skies ;
They ply with zeal the shovel, pick, and pan,
The end of each washing they eagerly scan,
To see if any of the precious metal remains,
To encourage and reward them for their pains ;
Roughly they live on the coarsest fare,
Sleep on the ground, breathe the midnight air ;
Cut off from the world and friends they seek,
To spend in riot the sabbath of each week.
At the nearest camp, or town, in drink and dice,
Pursue there ev'ry round of folly and of vice
That offers, it matters not to mention what,
Whether it be to make a gambler, rake, or sot,
The glittering gold spreads far and near,
Creates effects that fill the mind with fear.
It has sent through the world an electric thrill,
The people of the earth shall forever feel,
In increas'd value for products of the soil
The poor now to obtain must doubly toil,
But labor's free, can quit th' ungrateful shore.
Where it was valueless once, enslaved before.
The gold is quickly carried into foreign lands
Arouses millions and employs their hands.
Goods were in abundance sent and people too
From Australia, China, Chili, and Peru ;
And California thrived, improved became,
The wonder of the world in fact and name ;

Civilization extends blessings far and wide,
O'er mountain, plain, and fruitful river side,
Her train of many evils too, for then began
Man in the new world to slay his fellow man.
Yes! the awful fact with regret must be told,
All Crimes are too common in the land of gold.
Churches were then built, in them was heard
Tho' by few in number, preach'd the holy word.
Newspapers flourished with strong rapid growth,
Were priz'd and patroniz'd, deserv'd them both.
All things then came, and San Francisco stood,
A City full grown in six months—before a wood.
Vessels discharged their cargoes in her bay,
By launches built to carry it from them away,
To their anchors swung in the changing tide,
No hands to heave or spread the canvas wide.
Boats skimmed o'er the waters of the strand,
Moved with sail, rowed, or sculled by hand.
'Twas an exciting scene of bustling thrift,
With some hardship, but all knew how to shift,
Dispense with comforts, they once had thought
Ere could be happy must to them be brought;
The streets were fill'd with goods of ev'ry kind,
That man can make, or searching for can find;
The most came from Columbia's Eastern coast,
Where men are enterprising, have much to boast,
Merchants, mechanics, mariners crowd the street,
Absorbed in plans, will not each other greet,
Except on business,—“ More must now be given,
“ To obtain the lumber since yesterday it has risen.”
And 'twas “ I'll not work for an ounce a day,
Or ship to sea without the best of pay.”
Thus as an infant the new born city lay,
Cradled in the lap of her majestic bay;
When the seasons chang'd from dry to wet, then
The rain in torrents fell on abodes of men;

Few had good shelter, who in houses dwelt,
The wind blew through them and the water felt.
Those who lived in tents weak things to stand,
The beating wind and rain and shifting sand,
Had not a dry place to put their dripping beds,
Scarce a refuge for their oft uncovered heads,
As storms at night would sometimes blow away,
The tents and expose the goods to coming day.
The streets grew bad, and teams in them would stick,
The water and mud were both so deep and thick ;
Sometimes men and horses fell into horrid holes,
And were rescued with long ropes and poles ;
Inland, the rivers swelled with heavy rains,
Rose o'er their banks, and pour'd along the plains ;
Spreading dismay and ruin where cities stood,
And the whole earth was covered with a flood.
The people soon repaired the damage done,
No trace of it was seen by the spring's sun.
They then built Levees to protect their homes,
Through which now no more the water roams.
The roads to the mines became a sea of mire,
Teams scarcely had for any sum to hire ;
Enormous prices were paid to haul a single load
From Stockton or Sacramento to hills of gold.
The miners for all provisions had high to pay
To dealers before they could take them away,
Oft when living from the store had to pack
Pork, flour and beans homeward on their back,
O'er steep hills, through deep ravines and snow,
Did those courageous men on journeys go.
Before the first rains came, the miners made
Themselves content to sleep by fir tree shade,
Wrapp'd in blankets, they have soundly slept,
While others for them have watch'd and wept,
But now they purchase tents, these though thin.
If sound, would not let much water in.

They firmly set them on elevated ground,
With poles to hold up, and cords to lash down.
Meanwhile th' Emigrant who has started late,
Not reach'd the Summit, fears are felt for his fate ;
That he will not before the winter's weather,
Stops progress and prevents him altogether.
He has journeyed near to the promised land,
Where fortune's to be grasped with sturdy hand ;
Views with alarm the autumn's threat'ning skies,
Urges his tired team again and faster flies,
He strikes the mountain's side, which if once o'er
No Indians will trouble, he'll sigh no more.
Winds slowly round the long and dreary hills,
With pain pursues the road, dreads coming ills ;
Wife and little ones cling closer to his side,
The sweet innocents, and his blooming bride ;
They bring harrowing thoughts of his old home,
Ere gold disturbed, the world, or made him roam.
More keen and piercing grows the mountain wind,
The snow thickly falls, and he scarce can find
The narrow pass, keep on the dizzy steep,
The waggon wheels, his own, or cattles' feet.
The night comes on—they hear the dismal cry
Of famish'd wolf—and know that he is nigh.
They stop, but not to sleep they watch and pray,
Await with anxious hearts th' approaching day.
It dawns at length—are on the western slope,
Of the Sierra's range, they bound with hope.
The long long journey is nearly finished, done,
The golden hills are almost reached and won,
Valley of the Sacramento seems a distant sea,
Grand vast and magnificent it appears to be.
Warm friends hail them rough with honest toil,
And welcome with the best cheer of the soil.
They rejoice, converse, spend half the night,
Relating how with Indians they did fight ;

At length sink to sleep and dream of gold,
The strength to gain it, the force to hold.
Some have perish'd who've crossed the plains,
With Indian arrows, others, by cholera's pains.
Many have sunk exhausted in the drifting snow,
Benumbed with cold, no more, can nothing know.
Their eyes never saw the enchanted shore
They fondly hop'd to reach, and leave no more ;
Their bones unburied bleach in desert wide,
Unheralded to the world unknown, they died.
They nobly strove 'gainst Fortune's fickle face,
Bore all ills of life with firmness, but disgrace ;
And When at last their breath of life did yield,
Like a conquer'd hero, slowly quit the field
Of this strife, sank in arms of friendly death,
Naming loved ones with their latest breath.

PART SECOND.

The morn has broke, streams of rosy light
Comes from the Sun and dissolves the night ;
The winds are hushed, the placid waters keep,
The stillest silence, all nature seems asleep.
Around the golden city the week has just begun,
Few have risen, and none thought what's to be done,
Whether to remain for the present where they are,
Or else seek fortune under some luckier star,
When fearful cry of fire is loudly spread,
Which wakes the drowsy sleeper from his bed ;
All rush amazed, alarmed, unto the square,
And views a sight that frightens them there ;

The city's in flames, wreaths of fire and smoke,
In fury through the largest buildings broke,
And swiftly spread to others on every side,
Houses at a distance for their fate trembling bide,
The fierce element soon whole streets mows down
And leaves a blackened waste the budding town.
Dismay'd but not to despair do people sink,
How to repair damages they coolly think ;
Materials are brought, and the rebuilding begun,
Before the orb of day has his meridian run.
San Francisco Phoenix like, from ashes rose
More beautiful and free as the wind that blows ;
She increased improved, prospered, and grew,
Healthy, profitable to live, and fair to view ;
Men from many countries throng the streets,
Scarce two of them in the same language greets ;
Different costumes attract and please the eye,
Some swiftly sweep, others more slow pass by.
The most leave for the mines, to labor there,
On the hard earth, and breathe the mountain air.
Those who stay behind, live by uncertain trade,
And pursue it 'till a fortune's lost or made.
Others roam the plains, and bays to hunt and fish,
Supply all sorts of delicacies for the dish.
The hardy laborer wheels down the hills of sand,
Levels the uneven ground, and improves the land.
Cuts wood, digs wells, unloads ships, achieves
All that which society his debtor leaves.
The active mechanic skilful hands employ,
To wield the sharpened tools his utmost joy.
Architects survey the ground, and plans devise,
Materials are fashioned, whole structures rise,
Wharves are built far into the shallow tide,
And the largest ships may float by their side.
The nearer hills are removed to the bay,
Before waters rose, now solid ground display.



Vessels were emptied, floated above the mud,
And on the firm bound earth they upright stood.
Into stores and dwellings were quickly made,
Some were burnt, none found a watery grave.
Steamboats, from the Atlantic states were brought,
A passage through Magellan straits they sought,
Were refitted, and on the inland waters shine,
Of California, swift, roomy, safe, and fine.
Police were organised, who the city kept,
And maintained strict watch while others slept.
All charged with crime, by them were brought,
And tried with fairness in the Alcalde's court.
Doctors began to practise, and Lawyers plead,
Both to be had in plenty at the hour of need.
Some druggists made fortunes in a little while,
By selling Quinine, Laud'num, and Castor Oil.
Extensive business was done by Auctioneers,
Who sold from ship and cargo to a pair of shears.
Gambling was then pursued by high and low,
And many from it did the seeds of ruin sow.
The game of cards called Monte was in vogue,
Those who played at it was either fool or rogue.
The dupe tempted by heaps of shining gold,
Glit'ring on the tables, his eyes behold;
Bets at first a small coin, thinks 'tis not much,
To lose, may win, besides have many such.
The gambler's eye doth estimate the man,
Let's him win, thus bait the hook, 'tis the plan,
To draw on, and he stakes and wins again
Quite overjoyed, thinks now 'tis very plain,
He's fortune's favorite, and must venture more,
And let success waft to her delightful shore;
He risks much further, 'tis his, the winning card,
Who can say, this way to make money is hard.
The gamesters begin to think he's got enough,
Now, from their pile of deluding yellow stuff,

Shuffle and cut the cards, know how to feel,
Which one to show, and which the most conceal ;
The dupe bets more, for he has largely won,
A hundred-fold more, than he had when begun ;
They turn the trick, 'tis against him but yet
This is first loss, he has made on any bet ;
Then puts down heavier sums to retrieve
Their loss the more his heart they grieve,
Downcast but infatuated to game he'll stay,
And ventures 'till all his money wastes away.
Then in dismay he quits the accursed hall,
A ruined man, and ends his life with a ball.
Many such cases in our annals can be had,
To warn, prevent others from a fate so sad.
Let virtuous youth, vigorous manhood shun
The fatal game, ere yet they are undone.
So too with drink, the man who daily takes
Draughts of strong liquors, reason he forsakes,
Becomes as an owl in the noonday sun,
Or fish in balloon, when flight has begun ;
From using rum, brandy, whiskey and gin,
When they have made such suffering and sin,
How many who have fell in this young state
By intemp'rance, the number dreadful to relate ;
Early graves, wretched homes, and blighted lives,
Tells a tale of how the monstrous evil thrives.
At drunkards humanity shudders, angels weep,
That man in such degradation himself will steep.
T'was then the custom of the land to take,
Something to drink, when by hand would shake ;
Friends in meeting, glad to see each other again,
Had parted ere either sailed on the foaming main,
Now both were met after many storms at sea,
By the golden shore where each desired to be ;
It could not then be wrong, but it was right,
To rejoice, and each others success to plight.

Thus unguard'd youth, by easy paths would stray,
Become what they were not in virtue's happy day,
Sink slowly step by step in their own esteem,
Pursue at last a vicious course did not deem.
It is shameful a father's solemn warning to despise,
Or wake a mother's soul to heartborn agonies.
Few virtuous women were then in the land,
To bless and assist men, with heart and hand.
Of all kinds and sorts was the country filled,
It grew and prospered, soil began to be tilled.
Sonora, was then founded, in southern mines,
Built between hills, covered with lofty pines ;
Hangtown also a thriving place, but hateful name,
A hundred others in the country are the same.
Why are not some sense and taste displayed,
Ere to new places such dismal names be made ?
In this land of golden hills fertile vales,
Lovely scenes and seasons sweet scent'd gales,
The Spaniards called by a spring that would boil,
Or some other peculiarity in site and soil.
Else to perpetuate fame of a reverence'd saint,
They named the new town their virtues to paint ;
And are now as just, sonorous, and good,
As when on ground the first day they stood.
Why should fail at this the American nation,
Who are without doubt the smartest in creation,
A score of names in each state confuse the mind,
From the swelling list the correct one to find ;
Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, are names,
Which if seldom used for cities add to the fames
Of those illustrious men, though they would live
Long as the heart had a generous thought to give ;
But of other wretched stuff and sickly trash,
It disgusts the mind like a stale egg or hash.
Names for places should be short and simple, sweet,
Different from others, chaste, expressive, neat,

Then to future ages shall extend our fame,
For judgment, wit, and beauty in the name ;
Towns and cities of our founding shall redound
Something to us by their names of pleasant sound.
Slow sets the sun towards the glowing west,
His day's labor done, tired man seeks rest,
When cry is heard resounding far and wide,
Brings joyful news, the steamer has arrived,
Instantly all forget fatigue, rush forth to find,
Intelligence of friend, relatives, and mankind ;
Letters and newspapers are eagerly devoured,
To see on whom fortune smiled and lowered ;
How at home are parents, friends, children, wives,
Those who give the most pleasure to our lives.
And when the time is come for her to depart,
Onward, on the homeward trip again to start,
Busy the day before, letters to write and send,
To father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or friend,
In them are told good and evil of land of gold,
What money made, merchandize bought and sold,
Of success and trouble, health, sickness, sorrow,
Dangers and delays to-day, prospects to-morrow ;
That comes as all have come to be pursued,
And remembrance of it to be relish'd, rued ;
As our fates have then been sweet or sour,
Esteem it a happy, or an inauspicious hour.
San Francisco is destined to feel again the fire,
Once more in devouring flames she did expire ;
But was rebuilt, and towering to the skies,
Blocks of substantial buildings grandly rise.
The citizens are alarmed, and organise, unite
In companies, the much dreaded visitant to fight ;
The rainy season is on the decline, and those
Who've sought the city's shade now purpose
To seek again for gold, and they sally forth,
To make the earth yield up her mineral worth.

Some start for the new diggings Gold Bluff,
Where gold was reported on the coast enough,
T' enrich a nation could it separated be,
From the black sand, in that part of the sea.
To reach the spot was along a foggy, shore,
Vessels lost their way, hear the breakers roar,
In fearful nearness, when they sailed and fled,
To save their timbers from a destructive bed.
Those who safely reached the enchant'd shore,
The gold was so fine, to get it baffled sore ;
Many left again wishing they had never been
To the desolate dangerous spot they had seen.
The spring through the country new impetus gives,
Quickens ev'ry thought and feeling, vigor lives
In all the towns, the muddy streets are dry,
And can travel comfortably the passer by ;
The roads to the mines are traversed o'er,
By crowds of gold-seekers more than before.
Loads of provisions are to the miners sent,
Who have wintered in their distant settlement ;
Endured all hardship that man can brave,
And escape narrow confines of the grave.
Some have found a safe resting place there,
No more to thirst or hunger, burdens bear ;
But man does not stop for his brother's fate
He living presses forward through the gate,
To the dark shore where is wisely concealed,
The future from view, nor to reason revealed.
The last of time, when death on us will steal,
Deprived of life we shall his power feel.
In California he has reaped a rich feast,
In all parts of the land been a frequent guest,
Want and exposure often bred disease,
Many of those who have escaped from these,
Have found in assassin's blade and bullet
An end, as they pierced brain and gullet.

Numbers on this soil have met such fearful end,
God grant in mercy man's manners here may mend !
That no more like Cain he shall his brother slay,
For robbery, revenge, in night or open day,
And let the public frown in with'ring scorn,
The wretch should wish he had not been born,
Who for no other reason deadly weapons wear,
But to play the coward, bully, and excite fear
Of the unarm'd or dependant, by threats or blows,
These are the only arguments a ruffian knows.
For the murderer, justice will not long sleep,
He sees the victim, conscience on him creep,
Days pass in fear, phantoms, hang round the bed,
Will not vanish, though turns his restless head ;
Life becomes a curse, he either ends his days
By his own hand or heaven the debt repays.
Evidences of guilt are produced and found,
He is tried, convicted, to the gallows bound,
Unless has wealth, influence to awe and fee
Those who try him, then in this land he'll go free,
But when thus escaped, feels most secure,
Danger is great, lurks nearest to the door.
God has heard and seen the farce of trial,
His fury is aroused will take no denial,
Swift justice is sent from th' indignant skies,
By some dreadful calamity the murderer dies ;
An awful warning to others, let those who read,
Ponder it well, ere they indulge in bloody deed.

PART THIRD.

THE snow and frost has left the golden ground,
The miners make fresh efforts, each day round ;
They search wider, deeper, for the shining ore,
That must clothe and feed them adding to their store,

'Twas thought at first a few months search would find.
All which did exist, and leave none behind ;
The country would return into a wild again,
Be worse than it was before, in mountain plain.
But the mines more worked the more displayed
And of giving out nothing further was said.
The miners prospered, provisions grew cheap,
From fall in breadstuffs, a benefit did reap.
Though 'twas seen the mines could not give out,
Men declared to farming none would set about ;
So appeared from the dry and parched soil,
No crops would yield reward for farmer's toil ;
'Twas said the country was good for nought but gold,
No other product, from it could be raised or sold.
But the land was tried and plough'd, and sowed,
Did yield large crops, the wild oats were mowed ;
Fruits had been brought to market from trees,
Missionaries had planted in earlier days.
Herds and flocks were then the country's wealth,
Except greater blessing of perpetual health.
The content'd people lived in patriarchal style
With their cattle, and each year feasted awhile
Their patron saints, they danced, drank, and sung,
With bull fights, fandangoes the air has rung.
The music and merriment kept up late at night,
And the day's enjoyment oft ended with a fight.
Gambling with them was a most besetting vice,
To gratify it, arrangements were not nice.
Stretched on the ground before a blanket spread,
Would sit, play at cards with uncovered head,
The livelong day, else over a greasy table,
Lounge and drink and play as long as were able.
Were expert in riding, could the lasso throw,
Over a beast, quickly dispatch him by a blow
In the neck with a knife, then dress and pack
The carcass away on their horses back.

The women are pretty, hospitable, fair,
Of very engaging manners, coal black hair ;
They are courteous and simple to a stranger,
Nor deem the contact causes them any danger.
But their race's glory's gone, have scarce a home
In the land, where once could boundless roam ;
A new people have possess'd it, ambitious, young,
And oft with force, the grounds from them have wrung ;
A few years, the Spanish tongue, and Indian face,
Shall disappear, and the country no longer grace ;
It seems they have had their destiny, day,
And like the bear and wolf must pass away.
Before the Anglo-Saxon's tread, as active life,
Will ever absorb the passive in the strife.
The world ne'er saw in any period or place,
A land peopled by such an energetic race.
Thrice in six months did San Francisco burn,
Three times to build again her citizens return,
Well might they the title of Undaunted earn. }
The news spreads to every nation of her fate,
And brings doleful ruin to many, sad to relate,
They rend the air, curse with loud cries the day,
Which tempted them to send their goods away,
To sell for gold dust on the Pacific's shore,
For neither gold nor goods see they any more.
Some consignee's found it convenient t' advise,
Consignors their goods in value would not rise,
And to Auction as a consequence were sent,
There brought such a sum for freight t'was meant ;
Or else, true or no, were burnt, in the fire
Of May, the whole consignment did expire.
Others never troubled any accounts to give,
Made no explanations, the owners still live
In doubt, whether perished by fire or flood,
Or lost their property by the act of a rogue.

Most were honest, promptly sent sales and paid,
The monies they received and profits made.
The first Legislature sat in San José,
A pretty place built at end of the extensive bay.
They gave more time to eating and drinking,
Than to the country's good or hard thinking.
Passed in session some bills, then adjourned
From which many in the land have since mourned.
One was, that foreign miners licenses should pay,
Ere they touched ground or disturbed the clay ;
'Twas folly to tax labor, which maketh yield
The products of the mine, the forest and field,
Supports the country, gives strength to the land,
Is foundation on which the whole fabric stand.
And some would or could not the collector pay,
Then from their claims would drive them away.
Grievous quarrels and fights, disturbances ensu'd,
Blows given, weapons were often bared and used ;
The licenses cost more expense to collect
Than money yielded, or had from them left.
They were repeal'd, the country's peace restored,
Again the miner worked without being bored.
New mines discovered, fresh deposits found,
Some on mountains, others, in vallies down.
In San Francisco many city lots were sold,
For building purposes, or to speculators bold ;
Some were improved, those nearest the water
Were the favorite kind, and most sought after.
Pile driving machines made a constant clatter,
As they would the huge logs beat and batter.
And new streets extended o'er the flowing tide,
Where much business was done, many did reside.
The streets and houses were chiefly built of wood,
First were hollow, in them in the middle stood
A yawning gulf, in which many accidents were m
By people, some drowned, others a ducking get.

To Aldermen of city, did clearly appear,
Services were worth six thousand dollars per year ;
Voted it to themselves from the people's money,
The Mayor had no less than ten, which was funny.
Citizens at that grumbled, replied, their time
Was worth to them the amount, just to a dime.
Few of the first vessels which to California came,
Ever sailed on their native element again ;
Too old to stand the storm, and dull to sail,
They never quit port or feel more the gale.
To shorten the passage was built the clipper,
A ship just suited to feelings of shipper ;
As each performance made by them were known,
To construct better great efforts were shewn,
Until in ship building it was almost thought,
Perfection was reach'd in what the science taught.
They have done much good service to the land,
In bringing swiftly, large cargoes to hand ;
When discharged, take in ballast, and pursue
Their way to China, o'er the smooth waters blue ;
When loaded there with teas and silks they start
Homeward, and from all foreign coasts depart.
Return to their native port as fresh and clean,
As if through rude storms they ne'er had been.
How much is owed, and grateful ought to be
Mankind, to th' advent'rous laborers of the sea,
Those gallant men, and glorious sons of toil,
Who brave the deep, to guard their native soil,
With daring hands the wings of commerce spread,
To bless the world, and earn their daily bread.
Small vessels navigate waters of the bay,
Transport goods inland, bring back wood and hay ;
Coasters along the shore gradually appear'd,
Now stand to sea, then nearer the land steered.
Fishermen ply their calling with much success,
In ocean depths, and shallow bottoms no less.

Coaches ran to ev'ry part, and carried then,
All who desired to travel, both mails and men.
Bankers from the miners and traders bought
Their dust, in return, bills of exchange sought;
To send them for goods, or support the lives
At home, of darling children, much lov'd wives.
Courts of law tried causes, decisions made
In them 'tween man and man oft bloodshed sav'd;
Draymen settled in city were well employ'd,
Though frequently with high charges they annoy'd.
Women and children in land began t' arrive,
The country without them could not well thrive.
Schools were form'd, the young taught to spell,
Read, write, and cipher, and to do them well.
Theatres were built, scenes from Shakespear's page,
Played to suit taste of enlighten'd age;
That man that matchless man in heart and mind,
Th' union of goodness intelligence combin'd.
Riots in Sacramento began about land,
They were subdued, though with bloody hand.
California was admitted to th' Union as a state,
At which rejoicings every where were great.
And Cholera that dreadful disease of modern day,
Came to the land, many in their graves from it lay.
Miners for another winter commene'd to prepare
On the hills comfortable log houses to rear.
With strong arms and axes and many a blow,
They speedy lay giants of the forest low.
Trees that have for ages in glory stood
The tempests' breath as it hath swept the wood,
They fall with strokes make the earth rebound
By their weight, and stun the ear with sound;
They are then cut up in logs of proper length,
Laid across each other and notch'd to give strength;
The walls rise a few feet high, and the roof
Is made of canvas or shingles, waterproof.

The chimney is built of slaty stones, and clay,
Not high, but wide, to let in the light of day.
There are no windows a solitary door,
That is made from boxes strong and secure.
The ground the floor, and for bedsteads
Are bunks on which rest the miners' heads.
Within reach are kept the pistol, rifle, knife
To be used when wanted in chase or strife.
A pot and pan for him boils, and bakes
His food, which is of beef bread and cakes.
Knives and forks, plates, dishes, chairs and table,
Has none, or procures many as he's able.
Thus equipped, lives in his mountainous home,
Digs for gold, though sometimes forth he'll roam,
With knife and rifle, to hunt the timid deer,
When seen, flies from him with surprise and fear ;
Before is had the hunters aim, but if not,
The swift animal is dispatch'd on the spot,
And to the cabin is packed, the fallen beast,
Companions gather, and join him in the feast ;
They sing, carouse, drink to distant friends,
Speak of the joy that's to make amends
For absence and suffering in land of gold,
Half of which has ne'er to the world been told.
When fortune smiling, they return to greet,
Wives, children, parents, the bliss how sweet.
The Miners unwearied, labor, bravely, bold,
Remove mountains, and turn rivers, to get gold.
Their Herculean efforts to extract it, excite
Our utmost wonder, admiration and delight.
They dig long ditches, construct flumes, to bring
Water into diggings from mountain spring ;
Erect mills to crush the quartz stubborn rock,
Add to the mass quicksilver, and the shock
Unites kindred metals quickly into one
Which, when it is retorted, the work is done.

Too oft sad accidents fall to the miners' lot,
Th' earth caves in, they are buried on the spot.
Trust not to treacherous banks my honest friend,
Prop well their sides ere you in them descend.
Believe 'tis the madman's act to part with life,
To get yellow dust the cause of so much strife.
Think of wives and children, and friends afar,
To hear of your sad fate their lives 'twill mar.
Not by miners only are sad disasters met,
To travelers they come in form more dreadful yet.
The steamboat has started but scarcely feels
Th' opposing tide ripple against her wheels,
When hurled from the deck in empty air,
Are human bodies seen a moment there,
And most deprived of life they fall below,
To quit for better or worse this scene of woe.
Aye, many in this State such fate have found,
In explosions to be burnt or drowned.
Why entrusted to men those posts who drink
In excess strong liquors ? 'neath brutes they sink ;
Or why same vessels allowed again to run,
When once such desolation they have done ?
Worse than a plague are the boats and men,
May they no more here appear again.
Nor are guiltless those who build and sell
Crafts that are unsafe they know full well.
The country has been curs'd enough with these,
Who to make money will do what they please ;
Regardless who sinks and swims, right or wrong,
Care not for another's ruin, so they get strong.
The day's sport is o'er, and dull sinks the sun,
Night comes with clouds, city's in mourning hung ;
Wail and weep do those who lost friends on board,
The stranger at home shall no more be heard ;
His relatives shall sigh, and to inquirers say,
" All we know of our lost one he sailed away ;

We heard he safely reached the Golden shore,
Had started for the mines, and know no more."

PART FOURTH.

ANOTHER wet season came, not so badly felt
By people as first where in the land they dwelt.
The streets improv'd and graded, sidewalks made,
Which gave great convenience to life and trade ;
Towns already formed increas'd, new ones laid out
So many, founders didn't know what were about.
Amusements flourish'd, society grew refined,
To study style in dress people became inclined ;
Markets with goods were glutted, and quite cheap,
Then small profits on them did shippers reap ;
Excitement about the country began to cool,
Many a one who ventur'd thought himself a fool ;
The steamers plied to Panama, and they bore
More people from California than to her shore.
Some had made fortunes were returning home
T' enjoy them with friends and no more to roam.
Others sick with diseases had here acquired,
Pined for the attendance their health required ;
They knew how wretched 'twas to be sick and feel
There were no friends to nurse, by bed-side kneel ;
No fond mother's, sister's arms to kindly clasp
Our panting form as for breath and life we gasp,
Or supported on a darling wife's distracted breast,
We calmly sink in death to our eternal rest.
A few made some money fresh plans matured,
Hoped the rest of fortune might be secured :
Some returned home poorer than they came,
To contend with the country had not the game.

The production of gold became to the world a fact,
Th' amount that was sent each steamer known exact.
Papers every where published articles of news
About the country its wonders they did diffuse;
The floods and fires, the prodigious prices paid
For rents, provisions, the fortunes lost and made
By gambling and speculating in a single day,
Have risen to sight or vanished quite away;
The heaps of gold on gamesters' tables seen,
And bags of "dust" the miner's once had been.
These and a thousand other tales spread o'er
The earth's wide surface from shore to shore :
California became the object of all eyes,
Each bound of progress heard with surprise;
Her marvellous strides they said could not last,
Because too wonderful astounding vast.
She saved from bankruptcy a sinking world,
Her gold from it commercial ruin hurled.
At first all were honest, and none durst steal,
For fear their fate would be to halter feel;
Hanging for stealing was the plan proclaim'd
Through the land, and all believed the same;
But ne'er executed effects 'gan to wear away,
Thieves from pilfering would no longer stay;
Most of them came from Australia's sunny shore
With reputations somewhat stained before,
When gold was found in the land, hither fled
For freedom, and to gain their honest bread.
Temptations were too great long t' abstain,
Th' opportunities offered were not in vain :
In the beginning, 'twas not noticed, they grew
Bolder by practice, and more daringly pursue.
Their pernicious plans arouse the people's ire,
'Twas thought two of them would by it expire;
But they were innocent of the charge and saved
'Twas hoped the lesson would make rest behaved;

But vain, for more often did robberies become,
All said that something must and should be done ;
Courts and police were had the public to protect,
Their lives, and property the rascals to detect ;
The villains bribed them with plunder when caught,
Or else before, and then they were never sought ;
Some of the people joined in hand together,
Into a Vigilance Committee with which to tether.
The first scoundrel who the laws broke through,
He should have occasion the deed to rue :
It was a hardened wretch who a safe stole
From a store by cutting in the floor a hole ;
He dropped it into a boat, beneath made away,
Was seen, pursued and captured on the bay ;
Brought to the committee rooms and tried,
Convicted of th' offence, in an hour he died,
By hanging at midnight on the public square,
And suffered penalty with composure there ;
In the morn 'twas the theme of every tongue,
The deed, and consequences that had been done.
Some spoke of it with censure and others well,
Believed it necessary, would the evils quell.
The Committee stopped not but followed up,
Blow they had struck, and would fill up the cup
Of justice to villains who had cursed the land
With violence they pursued with vigorous hand ;
Captured many, tried and hung three more,
The rest they banished from the joyful shore,
With the promise if ever again returned,
Would receive the fate they had so justly earned.
Thus from direful evils the land was purged,
And onward in her glorious course she urged,
With greater speed than had yet attained,
Nor for a single moment still remained
Though with fires were swept her towns away,
People start to build again the same day ;

Those who to the Eastern states had gone,
Spread wonders of country, were forlorn
To be back again, and would dare and brave
The Perils of the route in clime and wave ;
To such an extent had th' excitement risen,
That People from the deck would not be driven,
But sail with vessels without place or bed,
Wherein to put their luggage or their head.
Goods went up again to an astounding price,
And a dozen clippers were laid on in a trice.
Emigrants who cross the plains, now more wise,
Start earlier, in season before them rise
The Sierra Nevada's peaks ere the snow
Is begun to fall, or the fierce winds to blow ;
And to the Indians they are prepared to give
A warm reception, if molest, not long they live.
The mines are work'd with greater care and skill,
And many people began the land to till ;
Yields every variety with large increase,
Those who cultivate it thrive and live in peace.
Gardens were laid out, vegetables, and flowers,
Filled the markets, decked the lovely bowers ;
They grew with luxuriant growth on the soil
Of California, almost without care or toil.
Cattle multiplied on the fertile hills and vales,
And domestic commerce spread a thousand sails
On the rivers and creeks, and swelling bays,
The Sloop swiftly sails, or at anchor lays,
Waiting the wind to shift, or change the tide
Like a lover for his capricious bride.
In the hall is heard music's charming notes ;
Floods of melody pour'd through tiny throats ;
Dancing is seen at ball-room and on the stage,
Healthiest enjoyment and delight of the age.
Lectures and concerts were given, then began
Man to enjoy himself with his fellow man.

Women became more numerous, with her smiles
The tedious hours of man she well beguiles.
Children's play and prattle were seen and heard
In the new world, like a free and joyous bird ;
They jump and romp, amuse themselves, and play,
In happy innocence pass their time away.
Marriage takes place and birth succeeds,
Thus the country gains the strength she needs.
But o'er all this prosperity there grew
A storm and change that was soon to ensue ;
Some men who largely borrow'd and spent
In bad concerns the money to them was lent,
Failed, and from the wondering country fled,
To hide in a distant land a dishonored head :
The poor dupes who had given away their all
To sharper, found were swindled large and small ;
The discovery wide spread ruin made,
Thousands by one fell blow found hopes decay'd,
With loud oaths and curses they rend the air,
Some from man's treachery yield to despair.
Nor was rascality confined to private men,
Officers of the State stole and filched again
The public moneys, bolted from the state,
To spend it abroad with the rich and great.
Soon too the banks began to crack and break,
This made the people fear and further quake ;
At first but one suspended, again resumed,
That it was honest all thought, said, presumed,
Most put back their money, then came the final crash,
The whole fabric tottered, fell, and went to smash ;
And on the next day followed several more,
Who most surprising to the public shut the door ;
Society became convulsed swayed to and fro,
As the ocean when on it the storms doth blow ;
Then were seen the wrecks which strewed the shore
Of the unhappy land, and credit was no more.

But one of those which sank e'er rose again,
A noble exception from the crowd to name.
Half the banks in San Francisco fell as falls
Those who trust to rottenness--quickness appals;
The others bravely bore the rush and throng
And gave to each what did to him belong.
The dreary day's done in the dull weather,
Man and the sun sink to rest together;
Each wearied with baseness of the waning age,
And would quit forever this low earthly stage;
How long will man his fellow man beguile,
Betray and cheat him with a look, a smile?
Long as knaves and fools in the world appear,
Nature seems to raise a new crop each year;
Some will not reason are by others led,
These the fools, and those knaves of wiser head.

PART FIFTH.

THESE were blows which made the country reel,
And th' effects she long shall keenly feel;
Abroad speak of California with a sneer,
Treat her men and credit with many a jeer;
But she has left wealth in gold and lands,
To be dug, till'd by strong, willing hands.
And survived the shock, the storm is past,
It's ravages though great shall not ever last.
The miners make redoubled efforts to retrieve
Their past reverses and fresh success achieve.
The husbandman ploughs deep the fertile field,
Sows with fresh seed to have the largest yield.
The merchant once more pursues his wonted way,
Embarks in speculations he deems will pay.

The mechanic selects from his stock of tools,
The best, proceeds to work by accustom'd rules ;
Repairs old structures, and builds many new,
Fresh streets rise up to th' astonish'd view.
The laborer though humble, honest in his lot,
Sees with joy the rising bustle from his cot :
Not long without his services can they do,
He joins the throng, and gladly the works pursue ;
Receives on Saturday night his well-earned pay,
Hastens home t' enjoy in rest the sabbath day.
A new order of things reign in the land,
Houses high rent no longer will command ;
And city lots once so valuable before,
Will not bring a bid in the auction store.
The usurer with his money has to abate,
His interest from the old exorbitant rate.
Speculators in general have been so bit
They'll not venture much for fear of being hit.
Lawyers' and Doctors' fees are not so great
For conducting case or healing a broken pate.
Druggists have become thick, and spoil the trade,
Selling medicines no more money's made.
Cabs and carriages in streets long have run,
Been of great convenience, much service done.
Telegraphs every where extend their power,
News is to be had from all parts within an hour.
Railways are constructed the rushing car,
Is seen whirling through the plains from afar.
The country progress'd rich again became,
Its future promised one of wealth and fame ;
Though frequent crimes and many failures made,
Life insecure, uncertain course of trade,
Sad murders were committed in open street,
None knew how soon with th' assassin might meet ;
None suffered by quick process of the law,
Except the poor wretch, for him it had no flaw.

Armed ruffians were hired, put in the way
To stuff the ballot-box and elections sway ;
All was corruption, the rogues entirely ruled,
And oppress'd people were completely fooled.
They mutter threats of vengeance, and grief
When deep, must have a vent to find relief ;
Borne on the wings of time it speedy came,
An esteemed citizen was in day slain ;
The murderer was carried to prison's cell,
But not for long was he doom'd there to dwell ;
The people's fury was again arous'd they arm,
And in the streets by hundreds, thousands swarm,
They storm the building walls, break in the doors,
Demand the prisoners, them forthwith secures ;
Lodg'd in their own prison the two they keep,
Until the victim shall sink to his death sleep.
Then the scaffold's seen, the mournful knell
Speaks of their coming fate, and too well :
They ascend the fatal tree, make short speeches,
In a moment are where no ills of life reaches.
The people keep together, are as one, combined,
Vigilance Committee's revived in heart and mind ;
Rogues shrink appall'd before the storm that's risen,
Some fly with haste, others hope to be forgiven ;
They are captured, confined, in prison kept,
When the steamer sails, from the country shipp'd.
With the same promise made before to others,
If they returned the halter life smothers.
Two more murderers from the gibbet swung,
A ghastly sight and warning to the young.
Not to indulge in fierce passion's fatal sway,
And the old to throw deadly weapons away.
The city mourns her dead, and respective friends,
Of each of the deceased to their burial attends.
The state a splendid funeral gives her fav'rite son
For his virtues and the services he had done.

Into factions did the land divide, and then
Were known Law and Order, and Vigilance men.
There were many contests between them both,
Once for civil war 'twas thought were neither loth.
Th' excitement died away, the Vigilants disband,
And peace reign'd again throughout the land.
How the country has since increased and grown,
In a few more lines will soon be fully shown.
The miners, farmers, lived apart from the scene,
Though most were with the movement judg'd between
The parties, and worked with plow and pick,
Each to his own business did closely stick.
They are the country's pride support and hope,
For both with hardest labor do bravely cope.
The one spreads her fertile fields, flow'ry plains,
With flocks and herds, and crops of waving grains ;
Rich yields of gold reward the miners' pains
From rivers in summer and autumn's rains ;
Gives water to wash in winter heaps of dirt,
Thrown from the dry diggings by hands expert.
A few make fortunes in the mines, and the rest
Have a variety of fates, some not the best ;
They toil for gold in an unproductive claim,
It is not there, months of severest labor vain.
They sink fresh shafts deeper in the ground,
Try all the dirt, explore the cave around,
Perhaps find sufficient their board to pay,
And have to leave fortune for a better day.
They quit the spot. travel to another part,
Prospect a likely place, then make a fresh start.
Romantic toil, the hardest that man can find,
Is to hunt for gold to body and the mind ;
But free as the shrill wind and drifting snow,
Where'er they wish to work can easy go,
Breathe purest air, view most majestic scenes,
Of high mountains and vale that intervenes ;

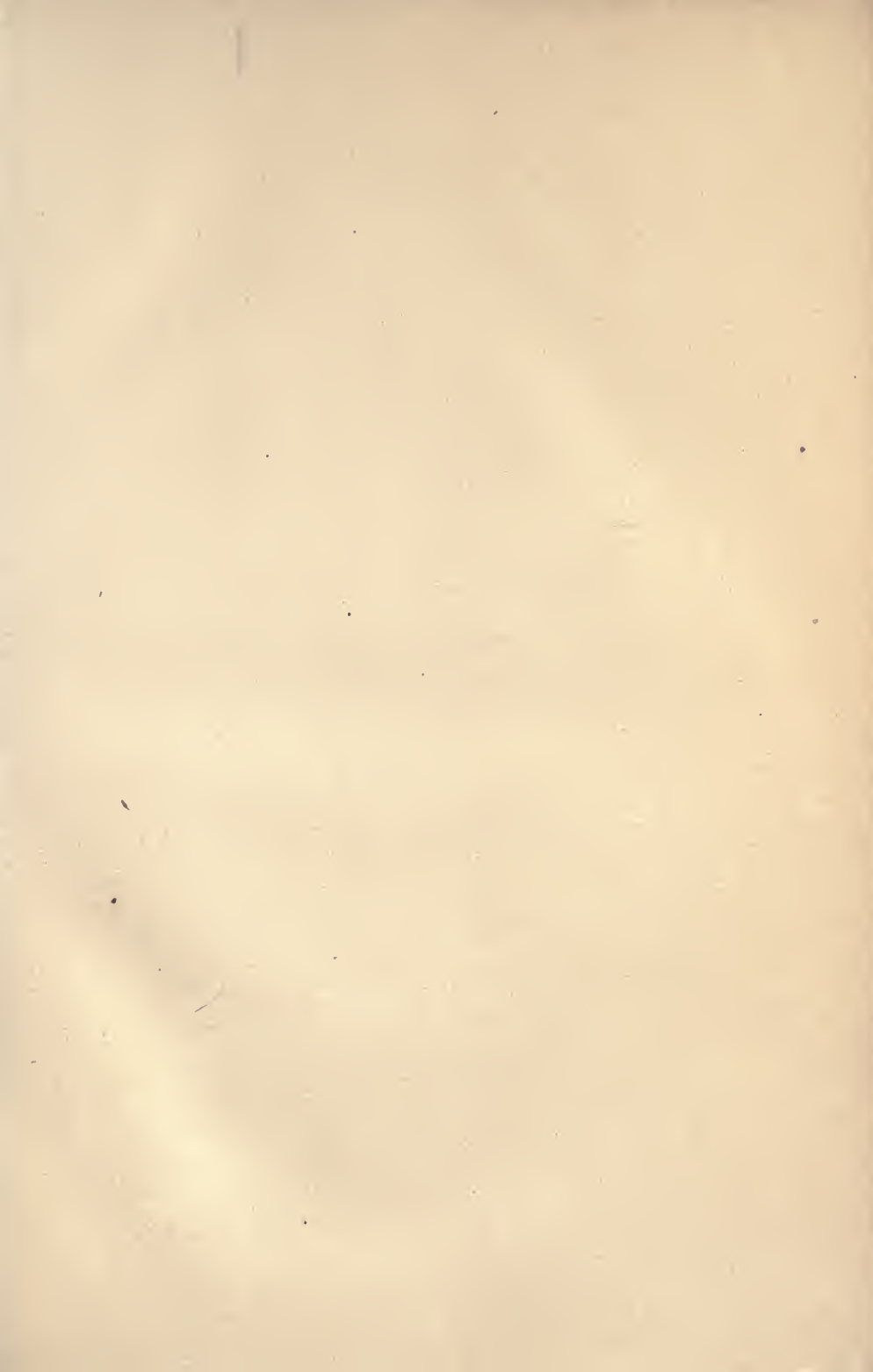
The torrent dashing through its rocky bed,
The lofty pine trees' trembling sky-born head ;
See children of the forest wield and throw
The spear and whirling arrow from the bow,
Note near their cabin tracks of surly bear,
For food has left his distant mountain lair ;
Avoid with quick step the subtle rattlesnake,
Before on them the fatal spring he'll make.
The farmer buys his land, and sows and fence,
Builds a house, with all luxuries dispense,
Turns his cattle to graze on hills and plains,
Where rich pasture the whole year remains ;
They thrive, and grow fat, and largely breed,
Stand his best friend in the hour of need.
The next care is to secure the crop of hay
This in California is done in month of May ;
Early potatoes are soon to dig and sell,
And ripening grains his purse will further swell.
He musters all his hands to the groaning field,
Neighbours assist to secure the heavy yield,
It's threshed on the spot, to market sent,
To pay for seed, improvements which he spent ;
Or else if prices rule there exceeding low,
Keeps it in his barn, or in good buildings stow.
The first year he has much to do and buy,
Many things, shall his utmost patience try,
In the new farm, but if pursued with skill,
All troubles fly before his determined will ;
If a few years in toil, economy be spent,
The farm improves, and he becomes independent.
Florists and gardeners flourish in their trade,
By which many a fortune here has been made.
Delightful and healthy labor, to plant and sow,
All vegetables, fruits and flowers that will grow,
In nature's teeming womb, and blooming breast,
Where man at last must sleep and be at rest.

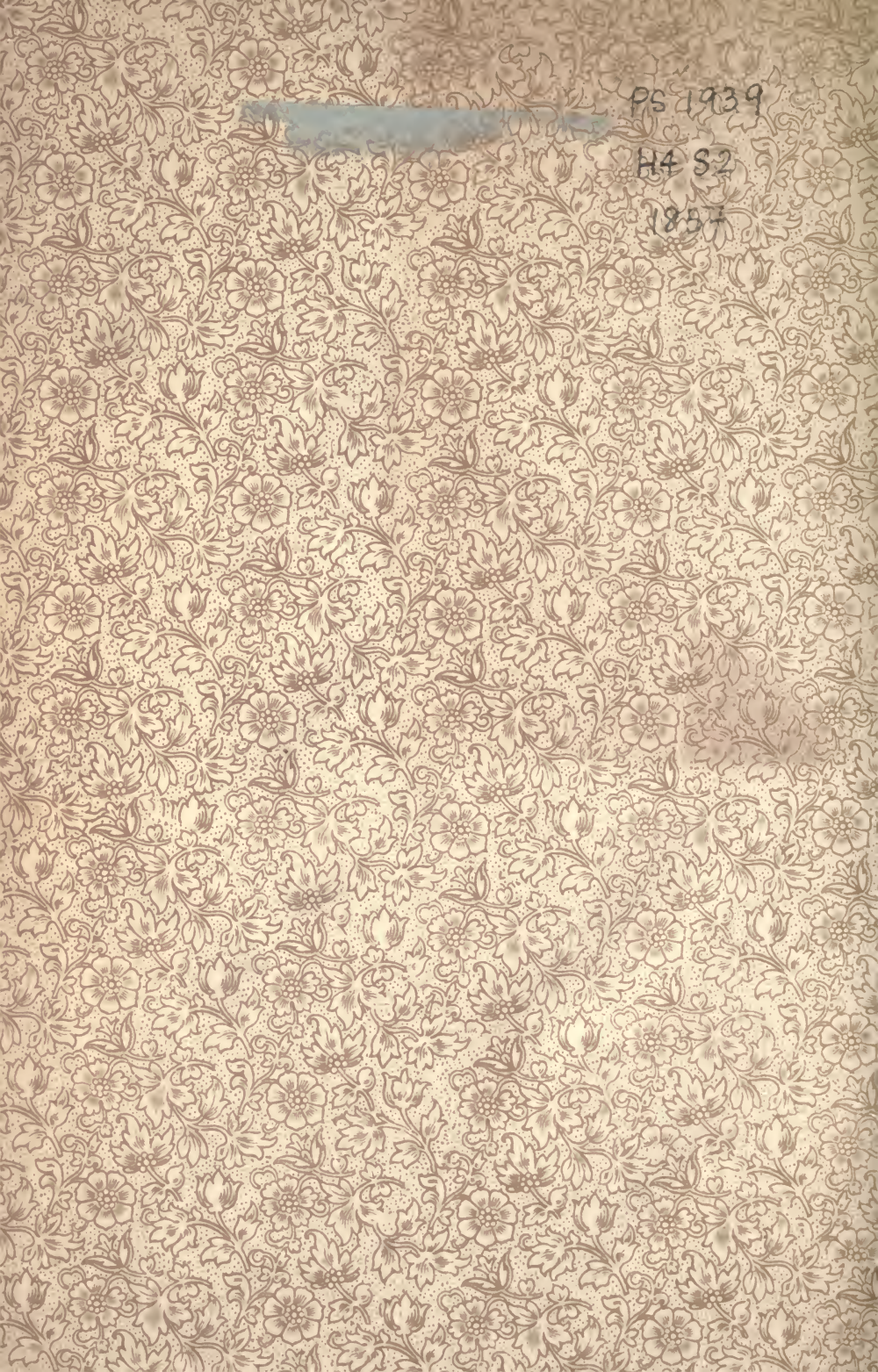
Orchards are filled with youngest bearing trees
Of as delicious fruit as e'er perfumed breeze ;
Exquisitely sweet flowers in richness blows,
From simple heliotrope to the stately rose,
Adorns the cottage small and the mansion great,
Above the reach of art, yet devoid of state.
In California's favored land prolific springs
All to satisfy the mind, ev'ry pleasure brings.
From her vast mountains gold is soon secured,
On her hills and vales are good crops procured :
To her children she gives fortune, and health,
Without the last the first would be poor wealth ;
The merchant here by industry can make sure
An early and easy competence to secure.
The workman no where else receives such pay
As in this country for labor ev'ry day ;
Laborers are always wanted, can obtain
Employment in the city, mountain, or plain,
At good wages paid the end of each week,
Or further for a job will independent seek.
California is the most blessed and cursed,
Of all nations she is the best and worst.
Heaven has made her an earthly paradise to be,
From Slavery legislators have declar'd her free ;
But man has stained the soil with all crimes
Can find a name in ancient or modern times.
All people point to her with loathing, scorn,
And yet bless the day wherein she was born.
Wise in her youth, but an apathy appears,
Like the decay of manhood in older years.
With lucid counsellors she shows a lurid page
Of misgovernment, to present and coming age.
Of boundless wealth possess'd, but mortgaged all
Her property to foreign capitalists large and small :
She is the prodigy and wonder of the earth,
In wealth, magnificence, meanness, and in birth.

Her past career is one of glory and of shame,
Blessings and curses are mingled with her name.
And it is known where'er the sun doth shine,
From the Northern Pole to the southern line ;
Her future course shall be brilliant and good,
If virtue and true interests be understood ;
The people must reform, pay their debts, be just,
Live within means, for future get little trust ;
Avoid with anxious care vice of every kind,
Pursue with patient toil and thoughtful mind ;
Enterprises of great weight have no abuses,
Make good laws and then remain to their uses ;
Then in the land shall peace and plenty reign,
Prosperity and happiness gather in the train ;
Here trade and commerce shall grow and flourish,
And every art and science greatly nourish.
Divorces, duels, and suicides, no more shall be,
From their train of guilt the land delivered free ;
Here new Helens shall arise, and false as fair,
As she of Troy who deceived with golden hair,
Their charms and beauty for the country shall become
Its bane and blessing, be saved and yet undone.









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